I read in Taine *(English Literature)* his description of the celebrations and customs of the Renaissance. Perhaps that was real beauty; utterly physical. Some time ago all that luxurious display would have left me cold. I am reading it at the right moment, when it can most effectively intoxicate me. My mind is becoming voluptuously impious and pagan. I must stress that tendency. I can see the readings I should indulge in: Stendhal, the eighteenth-century *Encyclopedia,* Swift, Condillac . . . to dry up my heart (sear is a better word; everything is mildewed in my heart). Then the vigorous writers and especially the most virile: Aristophanes, Shakespeare, Rabelais . . . these are the ones I must read. . . . Anr[1] don't worry about the rest. There is enough possibility of tears in my soul to irrigate thirty books.

17June

Yesterday I spent the afternoon with Henri de Regnier; I like him enormously. Then with Manuel; we paid each other insipid compliments. This morning I missed Huysmans. Wrote a very long letter to Paul Valery. Ended the day with the man of integrity.[1] He is the one whose company I enjoy most; we fan each other's enthusiasm to the utmost.

18 June

I am reading Stendhal, seated in front of a cafe (Place Medicis) where I note that I am delightfully uncomfortable for working.

Essential to make oneself irreproachable.

23 June

I spent the day Sunday with Marcel Drouin in the woods of Chaville. Marcel Drouin is the person whom I admire and maybe even like the most in the world. As soon as we are together we fan each other's en-

thusiasm magnificently; we are good for each other. He was tired from his examinations. We both slept on the grass. I read him my notes on Brittany.

I am becoming Walter again; and so much the better. Certainly nothing is so beautiful as nobility of soul; no, not beautiful, but rather, sublime.

25 June

I have seen Louis again. Good Lord! Are we going to make up?

He tore up my letter in iny presence! Why? It was altogether sincere.

Three times already we have had long explanations; we have already gone through that painful experience; we are incapable of <e hitting it

Marcel Drouin. [A.]